

phalt and stone and brick and then over a dirt road as Paul could tell from the sound. At last the cab seemed to be running over something soft like leaves and the cab stopped in the midst of a wood. On a tree was a sign-board:

ANIMAL COLLEGE

Under, in and around the different trees were the offices of the faculty. President Lion's office was in a cave, Dr. Serpent had his headquarters in a hollow log, while Professor Bunny occupied a brier patch.

It was a very good school and the animals had learned many things. Most of them could hunt and some could fish. They could construct homes of various kinds. The birds knew geography so well that they could travel from their summer residences to their winter homes without the least difficulty. The monkey was a wonderful acrobat, the lion could roar like an orator, the serpent could hiss like an auditor, but none of them could laugh.

So they had kidnaped a boy and proposed to make him Professor of Laughter. But alas! They had kidnaped Peter, Peter the Poutabout.

Peter tried first to teach the dog, but he could only make him show his teeth and when he tried to laugh, he growled, just as he had heard Paul growl. Then Peter tried to teach the hyena and the hyena learned to grin a sickly grin, but he couldn't laugh. Then Paul tried to teach the horse and the horse tried

faithfully and echoed Peter quite well, but Peter had pouted so long he was a very poor example, as you know if you have ever heard a horse try to laugh.

This so disgusted the animals that they discharged the Professor of Laughter and sent him back home. It was a joke on the animals, but it was good for Peter, for seeing how laughter was prized by creatures who couldn't laugh, he resolved to pout no more. But none of the animals have learned to laugh even to this day.

"After all," said the Storyman, "they were more sensible than Rob Robinson. There's a story about him called 'He Wanted to Learn How to Cry.' I'll tell you about it Monday."

To Investigate Shooting.

Broken Bow, Neb., Nov. 4.—Authorities are investigating the fatal shooting last night of Mrs. Mattie Bangs, a widow, residing here. Dr. Willis Talbot, a prominent physician, claims the tragedy was accidental.

Dr. Talbot says he did not know the woman was alone, and visited her between 10 and 11 p. m. to make a friendly call. In reaching for a handkerchief his revolver fell and struck the floor. The weapon was discharged, going through the doctor's leg and piercing Mrs. Bangs' brain, killing her instantly. There were no witnesses to the tragedy.